

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

S30

J. M. Michaelson tells you SOME (VERY) FISHY YARNS



A COD caught in the Firth of Forth recently, when gutted, was found to have been making a meal of pieces of metal. Cod are notoriously enterprising in their eating. Money, pieces of leather and rope, and even a book, have been found in the stomachs of large cod.

Just before the war a Trondhjem housewife bought a cod in the market and took it home to cook. When she opened it she felt her knife touch something metallic. It proved to be a key, on which was engraved "Twenty-one to-day". These keys are made as twenty-first birthday souvenirs, and evidently one which had somehow been thrown in the sea had glittered and been eaten by the cod in mistake for a small fish.

Many years ago a codfish sold in Cambridge market was found to contain a sizable parcel wrapped in a piece of sailcloth. When opened, a copy of a treatise by John Firth, a 16th century writer, was found in quite good condition.

Firth had been burned at the stake for the "heretical" views which he put forward in this and other books. The people of the time took the astonishing appearance of this book in the stomach of a cod as an omen.

The book was reprinted, this time with a picture of a market stall, a knife, a cod



angler hooked the bag was the last for making a claim.

The girl got £2,000, and gave the fisherman £500. If the story had been fiction the girl would have married the fisherman, but there is no record of that.

Last August the skipper of a Fleetwood prawn boat, fishing off Blackpool, brought up a wallet containing £100 in £1 notes. They had been only slightly spoiled by the water, and were perfectly legal tender. There was no indication of the name and address of the owner. Legally, if no claim is made, three-quarters of the find goes to the Crown and a quarter to the finder.

TAKING IT NEAT.

Pikes are notably voracious fish, and whole roach and even ducklings are often found in their stomachs. A 5lb. pike will swallow a half-pound roach. The half-pint bottle of whisky found in the stomach of a 6lb. pike caught in a lake near Knoxville, Tennessee, was therefore quite a mild meal. The bottle bore the Government Revenue stamp and the whisky was in perfect condition. If the cork had come loose in the fish's stomach the

Lake Palmerston, near Ottawa, he dropped a silver ring from his finger. Three days later he was fishing about the same place. He landed a large trout and—yes, the ring was inside the fish's stomach!

SPOON CLUE.

A similar story from Sweden had an element of drama about it. A wealthy man had gone cruising in his yacht. While he was away, his wife bought a salmon from some fishermen. When she opened it she found a silver spoon inside. The spoon bore the family crest.

Horror-stricken, she jumped to the conclusion that the yacht had been sunk and her husband had perished. The safe arrival of the yacht shortly afterwards cleared up the mystery. The spoon had been dropped overboard from it by a careless servant, and must have been snapped up by the salmon.

In another instance the end-

ing was not so happy. Some years ago a watch and chain were found in the stomach of a very large pike caught in the Ouse. It was identified as belonging to a man who had been drowned in the river a few weeks before.

Some years ago an angler at Leighton Buzzard hooked what he thought was a large pike. After playing his fish for an hour and a half it proved to be a 38in. otter. The animal was a tame one which had escaped from the garden of Captain O. G. Pike, the naturalist.

Greater must have been the shock of a native angler in the Sunderbans, Bengal, in 1937.



COMES UP FOR COMFORT

He had laid a night-line. When he came in the morning he found a tiger securely hooked! Fortunately, it was only a cub that had taken the bait. It was taken back to the village and brought up as a pet, little the worse for its experience!

AND—MORE
FISH ON THE
BACK PAGE

HERE'S HELLO From No. 24, L/Cook HORACE SKINNER

YOUR wife and two sons had just returned from holiday when we called at 24, Albert Street, Harwich, Leading Cook Horace Skinner—they had been staying with your people at Strood.

What do you think of your ten-month-old son David? Cute, isn't he? A bright little fellow, with the same eyes and soft hair as Robert.

Everyone at Strood is well and all send their love. The next time—which they hope will be soon—your wife and the kiddies go over there they want you to be with them. A party has been arranged!

Remember young Jack, your wife's young brother? He's quite a lad; most days he goes home from school with either a black eye or minus the seat of his pants. He is developing into quite a scrapper, and it is said that he is taking after his uncle!

Bonzo, your brother-in-law, has recently joined the Merchant Navy, but that doesn't impress Jackie at all. "It's the submarines for him," his sister told me.

Bob and George are still at home and keeping things warm for your return. It appears that you are another guy for whom a lot of good things are in store. (But we promised not to spoil the surprise.)

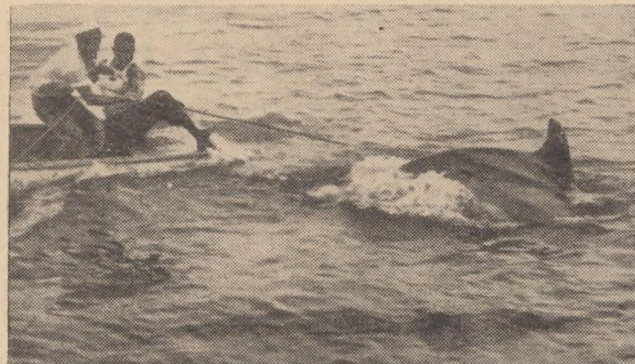
A big batch of letters from Nancy's husband, in the Middle East, arrived recently, and Nancy, who is working very hard, was so thrilled she showed them to all the neighbours.

Here's a sad item: Phil Rudling, the landlord at the Hanover, died recently. It was fairly sudden, and the entire neighbourhood went into mourning.

Your wife and kiddies send all their love, Horace.

From the family, the pub and neighbours comes this greeting to close the message: "Good luck and God bless you."

LET'S HOLD THIS ONE



and a book. It was renamed "Vox Piscis"—the Voice of the Fish—and enjoyed a sale and reputation which would probably have been denied it if a cod had not decided it was a good meal!

Anglers are reputed as tellers of "fishy" stories. But fact is stranger than fiction—even in fishing. Some years ago a Londoner on holiday at Polperro, in Cornwall, released a toy balloon with his name and address attached and an appeal for its return if found. He saw the balloon fall into the sea, and never expected to hear more of it.

The following year the balloon was found and returned to him—by another Londoner, who found it in the stomach of a large conger-eel he caught when fishing at Falmouth!

CATCHING A FORTUNE.

A most remarkable "fishy story" was reported from Warsaw in 1937, although in this instance the catch was not inside a fish. An angler on the Vistula some miles from the Polish capital felt a tug, pulled in his line, and found he had hooked a handbag. Inside was an address. He took the bag there, and found it belonged to a good-looking servant girl. She turned pale with joy at the sight of the bag.

When she had lost it there had been a ticket for a lottery inside it—and in the interval the ticket had turned up a prize! The day on which the

tale might have been more exciting!

A pike caught by Hungarian fishermen of Ada, in the River Tiera, in 1935, proved to contain a complete pair of boots. In this case the boots had simply been thrown away.

In an Australian murder mystery the leg of a man in the stomach of a shark proved the missing clue. There is also the well-authenticated instance of a sea-lion weighing 100lb. being found in the stomach of a shark only 30 feet long.

Although the whale is not a fish, the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale is believed to have been repeated in the South Atlantic in the last century. The seaman who was swallowed was found little the worse for his experience, except that the gastric juices of the whale had bleached his skin. He lived for many years afterwards.

Some historians cast doubt on this story, but it was widely accepted at the time.

Trout are fish that will pick up small glittering things in the water, mistaking them for minnows. A few years ago, Mr. Wilfrid Cullen, of Prince Edward Island, was preparing some trout he had caught for supper when he found a diamond ring.

Even more remarkable was the experience of another Canadian angler, Oscar Faust. Trailing his hand in the water of

"It's grand, to be laughed at for Christ's sake."

CAN you imagine how I felt when a colleague said that in my hearing, the other day . . . can you imagine the shock I had to even hear the words "For Christ's sake" spoken in their real, true sense, instead of in the blasphemous way which I (and maybe you, too) am accustomed to hearing them spat out.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you . . . for my sake," I thought as one of the Beatitudes flashed across my mind . . . yet, how many, or should I say HOW FEW of us have the courage to stand up and protest when we hear Christ's name dragged through the mud.

"Oh, it doesn't matter much," we say, or, at most, excuse the oath on the grounds that the speaker may be exasperated or doesn't even realise what he is saying.

Sounds pretty paltry from a Christian-professing nation, doesn't it? Because, don't you see, it isn't only that we turn our backs on Christ, and drag His name to the lowest possible depths. . . . THAT is bad enough . . . but we also ignore all that He stood for . . . all that He died for.

And if that sort of thing becomes general, then we stand a pretty good chance of reversing everything . . . Good goes to the wall, and cunning, dishonesty, graft and all the associated vices of Evil, become the fashion.

My colleague, by the way, is no prude, nor is he unacquainted with life . . . very much the reverse, in fact.

Son of a Welsh miner, he left school at twelve years of age, but did NOT go down the mine . . . instead, went to work in a tin-plate factory until he was seventeen and a half, and had had more than enough of it. Joined a touring company as understudy to the bass-baritone and did well enough to earn £28 per week;

WITH AL MALE

but his health broke down after a few years and he had to throw up what promised to be a highly successful stage career.

In turn, tramped the streets, slept out, acted as barman, was seriously injured when knocked down by a motor car, worked in a bank (which he left because his political views did not tally with his work), was unearthed from the crypt of St. Martin's and made temporary bass soloist at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

By way of contrast, he was later picked up on Blackheath unconscious, after days without food, taken to hospital and fed . . . sent out with money collected for him (and returned by him immediately he found a job) . . . ultimately to meet the young lady who became his wife, at a Mission Hall.

Now in regular employment, he studies economics two evenings each week (plus a weekly visit to Parliament), broadcasts for the B.B.C. and sings at Mission Halls, where he combines a splendid voice with a sincere religious conviction . . . what he calls "showing his gratitude by praising God with song."

Rather a crowded sort of life, you'll agree. And yet in spite of, or maybe because of, all the ups and downs, this man is not only not ashamed to stand up for his principles . . . he is actually PROUD to do it.

Would that there were more like him. Because, then, we wouldn't have the glaring cases we have of sheer ignorance, belittling sincere intelligence . . . we wouldn't see so many misfits, dictating to, and ruining the careers of others out of spite.

We wouldn't see good men thwarted to the point of hopelessness, by incompetents. Nor would we see men victimised because they refused to do what was considered "the thing," by people whose ideas of "the thing" was mainly a case of toadying in its lowest form.

Yes . . . there'd be quite a few changes, wouldn't there?

We all know guys who hold their jobs by their capacity to hold other things outside their jobs . . . and we all know washouts with no idea of their jobs, who bully their subordinates into distraction, because they have no other outlet except their mouths, and nothing to vomit except noise.

But what has all this got to do with being proud of Christ, and being proud, even when laughed at, for His sake?

Such a lot.

Because if more people had that idea, then there'd be less of the other hateful type. There would be more fair play, more equal distribution of labour and reward . . . with more reward for the labourer, and less to the louse.

The sweaters and bullies would be outed, because the courageous would shame them.

To own Christ needs courage, make no mistake about that.

But it is the courage which makes men fearless against every opposition . . . yes, EVERY opposition.

Try it and see . . . if you haven't already done so, of course.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

Send us your stories
jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper.

SUNDAY FARE

WILL "UNCLE" PACK UP FOR GOOD? asks Hugh D. Knapp

"PAWNBROKING is, in my opinion, having one of its worst periods ever," a London pawnbroker said to me the other day. "But then, pawnbroking is recognised in the trade as providing an accurate barometer of the country's prosperity. To-day, with workers in most cases doing very well, they do not need to call upon 'uncle.' In normal times, especially at week-ends, my pledge-offices used to be always busy. To-day we have few customers; even the holiday period has been slack."

"I know one elderly lady, a widow, who used to visit me every week-end to place a ring in our keeping. To-day, working in an aircraft factory, she is now able to visit me to make purchases."

To-day, with Social Security high on the post-war agenda, many wonder if the pawnshop will disappear with the "New World" we hear so much about. There can be no doubt, however, that they have, over a long period of years, served a public interest in a manner which few could attack. I know, making a careful study of this business, that the men behind the counter are scrupulously fair in every way.

For example, not so many months ago a poor woman called upon a Northern pawnbroker and offered him a watch of unusual design and make. This woman, who had suffered because of the war, admitted that she did not know the value of the timepiece she was offering as a pledge.

THE HONEST "UNCLE."

The man behind the counter, after a careful examination of the timepiece, realised that it was worth a great deal of money, being a watch of great beauty and splendid craftsmanship.

He could, had he wished, have offered the woman a small sum. Instead, being a humane person, as are most of these men, he suggested she should take it along to a distinguished expert, and gave her the name and address of this person.

A week later the woman again called upon the pawnbroker—to thank him. She had received a very large sum of money for the watch, and this had enabled her to pay for her small child to have an expensive operation.

OLE CLOES DEAL.

To-day, with clothes rationing in force, many men, badly needing a suit, and not having the necessary coupons, turn towards the pawnshops for aid, knowing that they will not be charged fantastic sums. Often,

if a workmate wants to get rid of a suit, and make two sums of money, he will first pawn it—then sell the ticket to a man he knows wants a second-hand suit.

In the course of talking to many of these men, and those who seek their assistance, I have never failed to be impressed by the orderly manner and tidiness in which their business is conducted.

Clothes are kept in rooms free from moths. Jewellery is locked away in safes that the cleverest cracksmen would find difficult to open. In fact, there are many people who pledge their valuables with "Uncle," knowing that they will be as safe with him as with anyone!

In the past few years there have been many jokes about people who pledged their best suit on Mondays and took it out the following Saturday. One of these men was a North Country docker, who firmly believed that his suit, when handed to a pawnbroker, was safer than at home.

He must, in the course of years, have paid his pawnbroker friend many pounds, and his wife always insisted that he was mad to continue such a habit. But one night, when a German plane came over, a bomb hit his house.

The house fell, all his family's clothes were ruined—but the docker still had his best suit, safe and sound in the shop.

Before the war many people used to make it their job to travel around the big cities and study the various pledges that were being offered for sale.

Quite a number found valuable antiques that later brought in large sums. To-day things are different. No longer can the pawnbroker rely upon the constant flow of pledges—no longer can the hunter look for treasure among the "muck."

"I have had thirty years in this business," a well-known pawnbroker said, "and never have I known people to be so free with their money. Instead of asking me to give them a hand I am constantly being asked to sell things people wouldn't have looked at three years ago. People simply must buy! In the past we used often to exceed a hundred transactions a day. By that I mean the acceptance of pledges. Recently we had five—in three days!"

If the war kills pawnbroking it will mean the end of another old British institution. But the probability is that when Hitler has been beaten, "Uncle" will still be behind his counter, offering to aid any who need urgent monetary assistance.

Continuing THE STORY OF BEAU BRUMMELL By D. N. K. Bagnall ★ ★ ★ GAMBLE-DRUNK, BUT UNTOUCHABLE

IT was in the famous bow window of White's that Brummell held court. It became the very shrine of fashion.

Only a few members of the club dared to sit there among the select. An ordinary member of the club would as soon have taken a seat there as he would have sat on the throne of the House of Lords.

After long discussion, the bow-window group decided that it would be too much condescension to acknowledge greetings of acquaintances who passed by in the street.

As a result, the only recognition given to those who doffed their hats to the dandies was a curt nod—and this only to the most favoured.

On one occasion, when Brummell was pressed for the repayment by a friend, from whom he had borrowed £500, he replied, in shocked surprise, "But I paid you!"

"Paid me? When?" was the amazed response.

"Why, when I was standing at the window of White's, and said, as you passed, 'How d'you do?'"

THE BEAU BENT.

The members of White's were all hardy gamblers, and the Beau was one of the most inveterate.

One evening, when he had bet heavily and lost, after four nights of bad luck, he was heard to exclaim that he only wished someone would make him vow never to play again.

A friend, standing by, handed Brummell a ten-pound note.

"I'll give you that if you'll undertake not to play for a month," he said. "If you do play, you pay me a thousand pounds."

Brummell accepted the bet. Later, the friend went into White's and found Brummell gambling.

He went up and touched him on the shoulder. "Well," Brummell, he said, "you might at least give me back the ten pounds I handed you."

There is no indication Brummell did.

Another evening, having won £300 from the Lord Mayor of London, who was a brewer, Brummell remarked, as he swept the money into his pocket, "Thank you, Alderman; for the future I shall never drink any other porter but yours."

"I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

Having lost a large sum of money at the gambling table another night, Brummell called to the waiter, "Bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol," as though he intended to shoot himself.

TRUMPING HIS TRICK.

One of the members of the party pulled a couple of loaded pistols from his pocket and remarked coolly, "Mr. Brummell, if you wish to put an end to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter."

But Brummell thought far too much of his brains to blow them out.

He was very fond of practical jokes.

One night, at a house party, he managed to put some finely ground sugar into the hair powder used by a French nobleman who was staying at the house.

The next morning the Frenchman, unconscious of the trick, powdered his hair and came down to breakfast. Hardly had he taken up his knife and fork when flies from the wall and ceiling began to settle on his head.

The weather was very hot; the flies numerous. They seemed to prefer the sugared head to the marmalade and jam on the table.

The Frenchman, startled by the attack, scattered the flies with his handkerchief and settled down to his plate again. But in a few seconds the flies came back, with hundreds more. The buzzing grew louder.

Matters were made worse when, the sugar melting, streams of it started to run down his forehead. He was driven nearly mad with their bites.

Unable to bear it any longer, he jumped to his feet and rushed from the room with his head clasped in his hands, followed by a cloud of flies and the uproarious laughter of the company.

TABLE MANNERS.

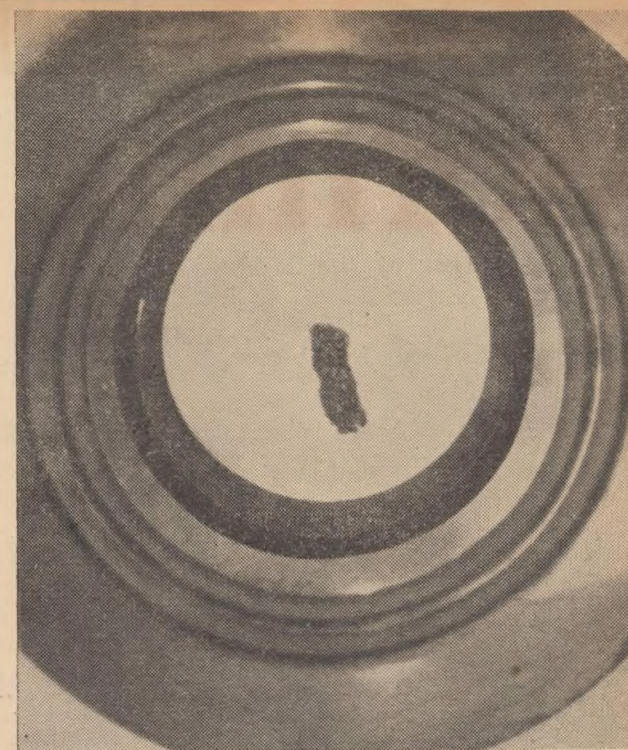
Brummell's effrontery, which did not diminish with the passing of time, made him many enemies.

Dining at a gentleman's house one evening, where the champagne was far from good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then, raising his glass, said in a loud voice, "Walter, give me some more of that cider."

Relating how he was invited, by a gentleman who wished to gain his notice, to bring a party of friends to dinner, he said, "It was a remarkably fine dinner, but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you that Mr. R— (the gentleman concerned) had the assurance to sit down and dine with us!"

But the turning-point in Brummell's career was when he quarrelled with the Prince of Wales.

(To be continued)



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a close-up of a kitchen brush.

Mountain, Wood AND COUNTRYSIDE

When the grass is green: and the lambs do leap

SHEP is busy. Lambing-time is here again, and Shep is full of "maternity cases," which have an unaccountable aptitude for taking place in the hours of darkness.

"Serves him right," say the lads, and not without reason, for Shep is one of those queer characters who won't be helped. When the lads were sent to feed his fattening sheep on the turnips—while Shep took it easy between maternity cases—they had not quite finished when Shep came trudging across to see if his sheep were being fed properly. And the lads didn't like it.

"He makes more fuss than there's any need for," is the lads' verdict, as Shep goes around his pens when they are thinking of retiring for the night.

He carries a horn-lantern that doesn't give any light worth mentioning. But it is enough for Shep's purpose, and shining it over the backs of his flock before going to lie down for an hour, he sees a ewe alongside the barn wall, licking her lips and breathing uncomfortably.

He steps across and draws the ewe gently to a corner away from her fellows.

She grits her teeth and nibbles unwittingly at Shep's smock while he examines her. "Can't leave yer yet awhile," he mutters to the ewe, and, picking up his lan-

tern, walks around the pens which hold the ewes that have "got it over." He helps a weakly lamb to its feet, and holds off a vigorous lamb while its not so vigorous partner gets its share of milk.

In about half an hour he is back in the barn, where the ewe is now "getting it over." He kneels down and examines the new arrivals. One of the pair shakes its ears and gives a plaintive "ma-a," so Shep puts it by the nose of the ewe, who starts licking it eagerly.

The other one is not so robust, so Shep "breathes into it the breath of life" by first wiping its mouth, and then blowing his breath into its lungs. It does the trick; the little lungs begin to function, the lamb shakes its ears, sneezes, and lifts up its head as its mother turns to wash its face.

"Ye'll go a'reet now, little 'un," says Shep, and, picking them up, carries them away to a pen prepared beforehand, while the ewe follows closely behind, afraid of being deprived of her family.

Then, if no more cases look like being "forward," Shep can go and lie down for an hour.

But he's a queer chap, and there's no encouragement for anyone to "give a hand." If the boss insists on taking over for one night, Shep retires mightily "put out," after a final walk round about bed-time.

By four o'clock next morning he is probing round again, with the excuse his clock had stopped and he wasn't sure of the time.

He looks around the pens of newly-dropped lambs, and passes disparaging remarks about ewes being exhausted for want of attention, so that it becomes a kindness to Shep to leave him, and his lambing pen, alone.

PUZZLE CORNER

R	E	D	E	E	M
S	H	A	N	T	Y
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R	E	D	U	C	E
D	U	R	B	A	N
F	R	I	N	G	E

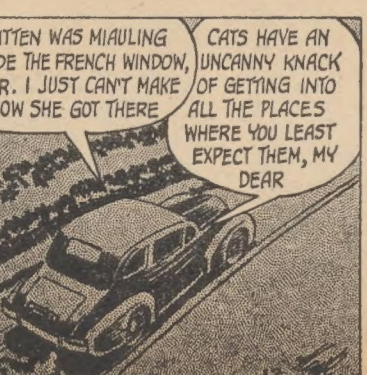
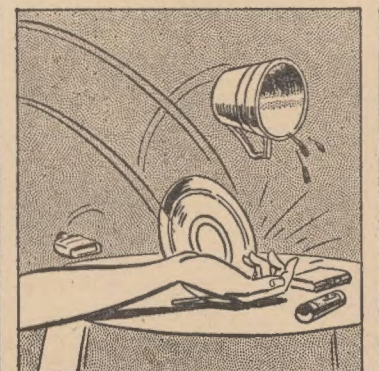
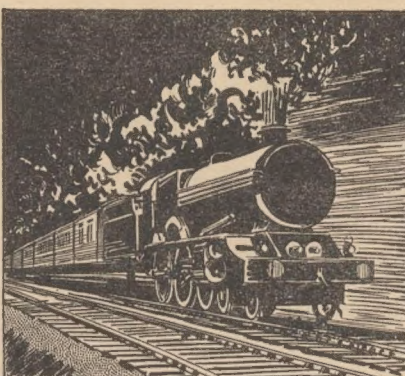
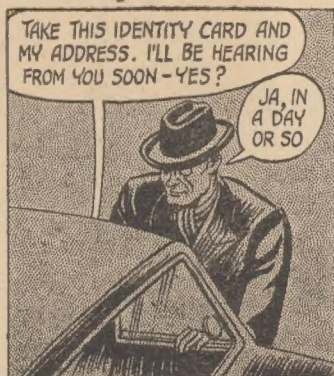
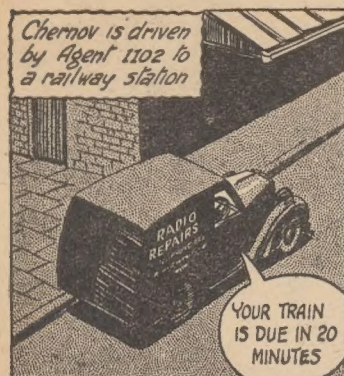
R	I	D	E	C	O	L	D
W	A	L	K	W	A	R	M

Change from RIDE to WALK and COLD to WARM in five moves, altering only one letter at a time and leaving a complete word each time.
Solution in S 31

Solution to Puzzle in S 29



BUCK RYAN



Marvel with Millier

MOST of us know how fallible we are when it comes to memorising exact details after a long period. Some people can retain times down to a fraction of a second, even after a lengthy interval between the event and the need for recalling the race. But most people forget.

An instance of this came about a few days ago.

A friend of mine, an old athlete, in all good faith, made the incorrect statement that Alfred Shrubbs, great champion in his day, succeeded in beating W. G. George's world record for the one mile. He "knew," and was quite positive about it, although the day in question was 39 years ago. He had acted as one of the pace-makers for Shrubbs.

Now, had my friend mentioned any other record or distance, the chances are that I should never have even challenged his statement, let alone have taken pains to collect chapter and verse to correct it. Moreover, all the other people present would have laboured under a wrong impression. After all, this man had run with Shrubbs on that very day, and he ought to know.

It so happens that I knew W. G. George intimately for more than thirty years, and I knew that his one-mile record had stood intact for 37 years to the day. George ran his mile in 4mins. 12.3secs. at Lillie Bridge (afterwards named Stamford Bridge) on August 23rd, 1886.

WHAT SHRUBBS DID.

Many prominent runners, both amateur and professional, tried to lower these figures, long before Shrubbs's time.

Shrubbs tried to beat the record at Stamford Bridge in 1903, but failed. Even so, he went on to set up a British amateur record for the 1½ miles and British and world's records for the three miles.

When my friend paced Shrubbs, at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, in 1904, the champion made another attempt to lower George's figures, but was again wide of the mark. What he did succeed in doing was to create new world's records for two miles and four miles. On the same track shortly afterwards Shrubbs set up new times for four more distances up to 10 miles, three of them being fresh world records.

Shrubbs was certainly an outstanding champion. In a year he had put up records at all distances from 1½ miles to 10, and held eight British and six world records.

It was Uaavo Nurmi, known as the Flying Finn, who was the first to beat George's long-standing record. Nurmi ran the distance in 4mins. 10.2-5secs. on August 23rd, 1923, at Stockholm.

Nurmi was considered a wonder in his day, as, indeed, he was, and he beat a number of Shrubbs's records, several of which stand intact to this day. In addition, Nurmi's one-hour record of 11 miles 1,643 yards, in 1928, also stands unbeaten.

MATTER OF SECONDS.

For 37 years George's record defied the world's best milers until Nurmi knocked off more than two seconds. Then followed a succession of famous milers to bring the time down in steadily graduated fractions, notably Ladoumègue, Lovelock, Cunningham, Wooderson and Gundar Haegg.

In 1942, Haegg, of Sweden, accomplished the mile in 4mins. 6.2secs. Scarcely had the ink become dry on the record book than his fellow-countryman, Arne Anderson, returned identical time. A little later Haegg made another tremendous effort and brought the time down to 4mins. 4.6secs.

Then, wonder of wonders, in this year of grace, Anderson beat the record by two clear seconds, and it now stands at 4mins. 2.6secs. Haegg has since made an attempt on it, but could not get near it, and there it stands, but he will be a venturesome soul who cares to predict how long it will remain.

If you are interested in horses and you have read "Tschiffely's Ride," you will wonder that horses can live to an advanced age after such experiences as fell to the lot of Mancha and Gato. As Tschiffely is now in the Argentine engaged in work for the British Council, he took the opportunity of looking up the four-footed friends which carried him 10,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Washington.

He reports that Mancha and Gato are very much alive. Mancha is thirty-five and Gato thirty-two.

This raises the question: How long can a horse live? The oldest horse of which we have an authenticated record died in 1822 at the almost unbelievable age of 63.

This was Old Billy, not a pet of the Manor, but a draught-horse born to a life of hard labour. He spent thirty years of his life at the equine equivalent of the treadmill; he was a gin-horse.

After this his years were spent in towing a barge on the River Mersey, though it must be said that the last three years of his life were spent in well-earned retirement.

Racehorses do not live to a great age, but I have managed to find one exception to prove the rule. The Thoroughbred Record gives an instance of an animal which raced under the name of Old Romp in America. He was foaled in 1824, and reached the age of 54 years.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
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London, S.W.1.

HERE'S THE FISHERMAN'S DELIGHT!

This is a page that tells of fishing, and fisher-folk of many kinds! Hunting the finny beasts of the rolling deep



And the big one below? Caught in Devonshire!



Believe it or not, Ye Compleat Anglers —she shot it with bow and arrow



A giant skate



Hauling Herring



The photo below was taken in 1/1200th of a second



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Don't include me out"